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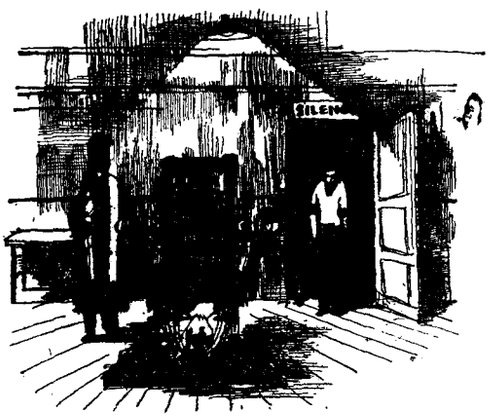
THE

Commonweal

Two Poverties

by Neville Braybrooke



The Rosenbergs: A French View

by Robert Barrat

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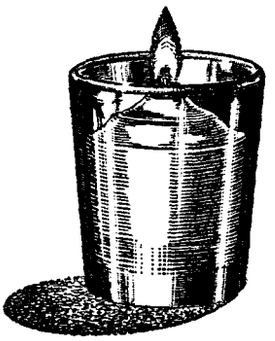

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

MATTHEWS WILL RETURN

SENATOR McCarthy is, right now, in the doghouse. We do not expect him to stay there. At the moment, J. B. Matthews' article on Communism and the Protestant clergy is still keeping the Southern Democrats strictly away from the McCarthy contamination. In the South, Protestantism is a power to be dealt with. Since the impression is widespread that Matthews and McCarthy attacked Protestantism as a whole, the Southern politician who showed signs of being in sympathy with them would be courting political extinction.

But this situation is unlikely to continue. In our opinion, the anti-McCarthy forces have made and are still making a serious mistake in the way they have treated the Matthews article. We think they will regret this mistake in the months ahead.

In our original comment on the Matthews article, we said that we thought his remarks were highly sensationalized. They were much too sweeping in their implications, appearing, as the editorial said, "at the wrong time, written in the wrong way, and published in the wrong place." But they did not constitute a wholesale condemnation of the Protestant clergy; Matthews even went out of his way to tag that base, paying a polite tribute to the loyalty of the overwhelming majority.

The trouble with most of the critics of the Matthews article, in our opinion, is that they have gone much too far out on a limb. In their eagerness to see Senator McCarthy taken down a peg, many commentators on the article have got themselves into an impossible position. They never said as much in so many words, but in reading their remarks it was easy to get the impression that there never was a Protestant minister anywhere, at any time, who followed the Party line or belonged to one of the fronts controlled by the Party.

Such a position would, of course, be impossible to defend; Matthews or McCarthy is probably quite able to produce a list of ministers who have done exactly that as long as J. Edgar Hoover's arm. To say that such men were a numerically insignificant minority is one thing, and quite true. To explain that the climate of the times was quite different is also quite true. It is even quite possible to cite reasons why a minister at the time might have felt he was serving the Gospel by joining such organizations. But it is the height of foolishness to suggest that there were no Protestant ministers who have ever faithfully followed the Party line.

Mr. Matthews is currently scheduled to appear before the Velde committee next fall in connection with his controversial article. If the Congressmen do not shy away from the political dangers and he is heard as scheduled, we think he is likely to arrive for the hearing armed with a roster of ministers which will reach impressive proportions.

If Matthews' article had been treated at face value, there would have been no harm in such testimony. But the denials have been so sweeping that Matthews' work has been made easy. All he now has to do is produce a few dozen well documented cases, release them one at a time for separate headlines, say they are "typical" and the public is likely to end up thinking McCarthy was right all the time. And not only will McCarthy's irrational approach to rooting out Communists have been aided, but a real blow at the Protestant clergy will have been struck, one which could seriously weaken the confidence of many Protestants in the good judgment of their ministers.

TO our mind, a good example of what the future may hold in this matter was provided by the testimony of the Rev. Jack R. McMichael, formerly the executive secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Action. All in all, the Rev. Mr. McMichael did not make a prepossessing witness. His conduct was not what might have been expected of a Protestant minister before a Committee of the Congress, whatever his opinion of the Committee, and his answers lacked the clarity and conciseness his supporters might have expected.

Questioned, for example, about his position as national chairman of the American Youth Congress

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—designated as subversive by two Attorneys General—the Rev. Mr. McMichael insisted that he was not a member. What he meant was that the AYC was made up only of organizations; there were no individual members so he was, strictly speaking, not a member. But the fact remains that he was national chairman through that organization's many twists and turns over the years.

A Committee member said to him: "You agreed to head an organization that included the Young Communist League."

"Yes," said the witness, "along with the YMCA, Young Republicans, Young Democrats and many other youth and Christian organizations."

"Whoa," shouted another Congressman. "Do you mean to testify that Young Republican and Young Democratic clubs were members of the AYC?"

"No," the witness replied, "I mean that we had members of all groups, Republicans, Democrats and Christians—there were some sixty-five organizations associated with the AYC."

This is a good example of the Rev. Mr. McMichael's testimony. Two witnesses made positive identifications of him as having been at Party or Party-front affairs; the Rev. Mr. McMichael said they lied. Brought back before the Committee, they repeated their identifications of him. There the matter was left for the time being, with the clear conclusion that somebody was committing perjury.

How the perjury matter will turn out is anybody's guess. An honest mistake on either side is still not impossible. But the Rev. Mr. McMichael did not strike us as being an even slightly cooperative witness, and the Committee is likely to call him again. A few more witnesses like him, and the general public is likely to think J. B. Matthews and Senator McCarthy can do no wrong. Thus the final state is likely to be worse than the first, largely because some thoughtless anti-McCarthy forces insisted on using any circumstance as a weapon against the Senator from Wisconsin. In the end, they may find they have unwittingly done Senator McCarthy a great service.

NEXT WEEK

JOHN M. TODD writes about the potential role of the Anglican Church in the reunion of Christendom.

"The Anglicans are in possession of what are perhaps the most beautiful and also the most numerous—for the region which is concerned—parish churches in the whole world. In village after village, every few miles throughout the varied countryside of England, rolling downland, fertile vales, rough hill land, everywhere are these churches; and over each, or over every two or three in a group, presides an Anglican parson. So too in the market towns, where often there will be a majestic religious center, a miniature cathedral, or perhaps indeed a cathedral. . . . In these churches is performed a vernacular liturgy which is now four hundred years old. The whole of it is modeled from the Mass or the Divine Office."

"SHOWPLACE OF THE FREE WORLD"

THE one basic argument for the UN stand in Korea was the convincing notice it served of the determination of the nations of the free world to resist further Communist aggression. The three-year war finally turned into a bloody stalemate but not before it had aroused the United States and other nations to rearm and prepare substantial joint defenses. The current armistice leaves Korea itself in a deplorable state. The land on which peoples of the free world fought and died for the cause of international security is a shambles.

All along, a tremendous program of postwar reconstruction in Korea has been the object of the United Nations. It is a primary American objective too. The cessation of hostilities and the hope that a real peace will eventually be concluded mean at long last that large-scale reconstruction can begin.

The fact that President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles are now talking in terms of making South Korea a showplace of the free world confirms this American objective. The quarter-billion dollars in two appropriations awaiting final Congressional approval can, if properly allocated, do much to get the work started. But it is essential to face the vast dimensions of the problem.

The root of the difficulty is the enforced separation of North from South Korea, of the somewhat industrialized North from the highly agricultural South. Koreans themselves do not recognize the division of their country. They express their hopes for the future only in terms of a Korea that is reunited.

The resources which South Korea boasts for the setting up even of light industries are almost wholly undeveloped. There are several rivers which might be harnessed to supplant the hydroelectric capacity of the North if complete separation is to continue. It is believed that the unexplored mineral resources of South Korea are quite substantial.

Meanwhile the emphasis has to be placed on agricultural reconstruction: the building of fer-

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tilizer plants, restoration of the poultry and livestock destroyed by the protracted hostilities, the setting up of food-processing facilities and the rebuilding of a fishing industry that before World War II was a leading element in the Korean economy.

For this sort of program to be effective an immense amount of personal rehabilitation has to be accomplished. There are still millions of homeless refugees from the North and from the battle areas. There are over half a million war widows and orphans; the number of blind, maimed and otherwise physically handicapped war victims is considerable. It is here that private agencies, if strongly backed by American and other personal donations, can do their most effective work. Their special regard for Korean susceptibilities gives these missionaries and relief workers a role of key importance.

One of the biggest obstacles to official UN and American assistance to Korea is the difficulty of getting aid properly dispensed. South Korean authorities do not inspire sufficient confidence as to their judgment on the most beneficial way of making use of foreign aid. Yet the charge of paternalism or foreign interference results from attempts of army officers and UN officials to dictate how such assistance is allocated. Extreme sensibility is a crucial element at this stage for a people who have for so long been denied their national independence.

On the other hand, the Korean people themselves are eager to cooperate. They want to earn their own bread; they are generous to one another; they are ambitious for their own education and for their ravaged country. They have stood up for decades under the heaviest blows that history could rain upon them.

But even if the Korean people were far less admirable than they are, the free world would owe them a tremendous debt. Whether or not it is possible to make truncated South Korea a showplace for the world to see, it is clearly feasible to make that region the scene of such international rehabilitation and reconstruction—in which both public and private agencies have major roles—as the world has never seen. The brave Korean people are deserving of nothing less.

THE ASIA CONFERENCE

THE gunsmoke has faded away in the morning calm, and the United States faces the problem of creating a whole new Asia policy; and it may be our last chance.

We start with a political conference on Korea, and to an undefined degree, on the whole Communist problem in Asia. We start with the problem of unifying Korea. That question starts and ends at the same point, for Korea will almost certainly stay divided for the foreseeable future. It is extremely unlikely that the Chinese will permit Western diplomats to take the land the Chinese denied to Western soldiers, and quite as unthinkable that the West will turn South Korea over to the Communists by means of a loaded coalition.

Left with a divided Korea, the United States will have to guarantee South Korea against new aggression or infiltration (and leaving some troops there will probably be the device used). We will also have to prevent Syngman Rhee from doing, once again, precisely what he says he will do—march against the North. Absolute firmness on the part of the U. S., limitation of military supplies to South Korea, and forceful disabusement of Rhee's idea that the so-called China Lobby in Congress represents majority American opinion, are the tools we have to pacify him. But he is stubborn and he is old, and his life's aim has been a united, independent Korea. His wife said recently: "My husband is too old to be patient. He has no years to waste."

If Korea is left divided but peaceful, we move to the problem of China. China is now the major power in Asia. It is rigidly unified and growing in industrial and military strength. It may use its power against Indochina, Burma, Thailand or Formosa. It shows no real sign of acting independently of the Soviet Union, although Chinese diplomats in India have privately insisted that China will follow her own course in the future—a curious claim but hardly a convincing one.

If China intervenes in Indochina or presses her claim to the "Greater Thai Peoples' Area," she will have to be met again with power.

If China does not move against any other country, and does not increase her aid to the Communist rebel movements elsewhere in Asia, most of the countries in the Western alliance will consider her to have "worked her passage" into civilized society, and may be expected to establish normal relations and trade with her—and with the American Congress unwilling to liberalize trade barriers, it is hard to see what else can be done by such hard-pressed people as the Japanese. If this occurs, we would do well to abstain from threats, and quietly watch what happens. Further deterioration of Kremlin authority might lead the Chinese to take greater policy initiative to herself.

A vindictive attitude towards China will not help us; a resolute policy will. It would seem

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that the first things we should work for are these: To obtain a peaceful (even if strained) rationalization of the power stalemate in Korea. Secondly, to avoid the child-like enthusiasm of certain British circles in our approach to China. China is, after all, a nation which was at war with the UN less than a month ago. Rather than press our gifts on China with effusive thanks because the Chinese have stopped shooting at us, we should be firm in demanding a concession from the Chinese for every concession we make.

We have made our own position plain on recognition and admittance of China to the UN. But we can let others act without using the veto in the Security Council. We can quite possibly get some meaningful concessions out of the Chinese. We have stopped warring with Communist China. We now have the infinitely more difficult problem of living in the same world with her.

SENATOR TAFT

IN death, the qualities of Robert A. Taft have been widely celebrated. His honesty and integrity; his industry, independence, and astuteness; his patriotism and courage have been cited by his friends and by his foes as evidence of how much America has lost in his passing.

The very universality of this chorus has struck a few commentators as rather unseemly. "The widespread praise for his fairness, sincerity, forthrightness and intellectual integrity sounds strange indeed," David Lawrence believes, "when read in the light of what was being said and written about the Ohio Senator by his opponents not only a year ago but just a few short weeks ago. . . ." And Max Lerner, recalling that Senator Taft "was an honest man who didn't like hypocrisy," thinks that he might feel contempt for the fawning extravagance of some of the comments now being made.

We agree. The Senator from Ohio had no use for sentimentality. His career was distinguished by a passion for the objective as he saw it. That was his strength. He deserves a similar objectivity from those who now write of him. That is the best tribute he can be paid, for it is the kind he would respect.

And so we who thought the Senator from Ohio wrong on most of the great issues of the last twenty years must say that we do not now think he was right. We believe, for example, that his election to the Presidency would have been a tragic misfortune for the United States and the whole free world. But, having said this, we must also say that his death is in every sense a national misfortune. He was a man whose promise of greatest service to his country seemed to lie in the future and, paradoxically, he is apt to be missed more by his political opponents than by his allies.

The great majority of Robert Taft's Senate career was spent in opposition. It was here, as the nation's most relentless enemy of the New and Fair Deal Administrations, that he made his reputation as "Mr. Republican." It was here that he gained his following. The prize he expected for these years was the Presidency of the United States. Denied a chance for it by the party whose spokesman and idol he had become, he returned to the Senate last January to serve and support the man who had won the nomination from him.

In this role a new Robert Taft emerged—a Taft determined to assure the success of the first Republican Administration in twenty years by holding in check the inveterate opposition grown to be a habit among his own followers. He thus became, all too briefly, a bridge between the present and the past.

With his death the bridge is gone, but not, alas, the obstructive power of the past. It still resides in a powerful section of the United States Senate. And the question now is, who can bring reason to bear on it? Who can reconcile it with that present which is the Eisenhower Administration?

Without Robert Taft, the chances are that the President will be forced to rely for support more and more on a coalition of Democrats and liberal Republicans to defeat the efforts of those followers of Mr. Taft who learned only his rancor, never his reason.

For Robert Taft was a conservative in a very honorable sense. He represented ways of thought which are deep in the American tradition—distrust of big government, distrust of foreign entanglements, distrust of social paternalism; he respected the individual, cherished freedom, and nurtured initiative.

His philosophy of government, built upon these, was a simple one. To have opposed it as inadequate to the times is not to have honored less the virtues which gave it birth. One could believe Senator Taft wrong-headed and limited in his vision of America's place in the world, but one could not doubt the intensity of his dedication to his country's good, as he saw it.

We do not think that Robert Taft was a great man in the sense that he came to actual grips with the problems of his century—his historical vision was too narrow, his partisanship too rigid for that. But we think that he was a man who served his country unselfishly, and that, ultimately, is the important test. May he rest in peace.

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Two Poverties

"IN A SENSE ORWELL BEGAN WHERE BLOY HAD LEFT OFF AND LEFT OFF WHERE BLOY HAD BEGUN."

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

AT FIRST SIGHT neither the writings of Léon Bloy nor George Orwell suggest an obvious comparison. Yet since an element of chance pervades all reading, sometimes such comparisons quite unexpectedly spring to mind; one finds echoes in the strangest places. So it was for me. Before reading Bloy's novel, *La Femme Pauvre,* for the second time, I had been reading Orwell's posthumous volume of essays, *Shooting an Elephant.*

In *La Femme Pauvre* Bloy writes:

> But the poor are not even the owners of their bodies, and when they lie in the hospitals, after their souls have fled, their pitiful, precious bodies, promised for the eternal Resurrection, O Man of Sorrows!, are carted off, without cross or prayer, far from your church and your altars, far from the stained-glass windows in which your friends are depicted, to serve like the carcasses of beasts for the futile profanations of the vultures of human science.

In his essay, "How the Poor Die" (reprinted in *Shooting an Elephant*), Orwell writes:

> . . . As a non-paying patient, in the uniform nightshirt, you were primarily a *specimen.* . . . This poor old wretch who had just flickered out like a candle-end was not even important enough to have anyone watching by his deathbed. He was merely a number, then a "subject" for the students' scalpels. . . .

Both men wrote from experience; they had both suffered from such treatment; they had both lived as down and outs in Paris. Yet, although on a purely material plane their attitude to hospitals from the point of view of non-paying patients is the same, their attitude to medicine is different. For Bloy the death of the poor meant that carcasses were provided for "the vultures of human science;" for Orwell that corpses were provided for "the students' scalpels."

Now, in both cases there is indignation at this, but with Orwell it is more tempered, less fanatical: a corollary follows—it is right that medical science should advance so long as it is not allowed to do so *at the expense of human dignity.* With Bloy it is otherwise. On principle he was against progress and he tended to think of medical science in terms of progress. This does not mean that he was lacking in feeling for his fellow men since, had he so been charged, he would have been the first to protest most vehemently against the slander. On the contrary it was part of the inconsistency of his character that, while being moved to rage by the indignities which the poor had to suffer in public hospitals, he should at the same time have been blind to the fact that these indignities could only be abolished provided that medical science was permitted to experiment and so advance. That Orwell's account of a Paris hospital was based on his experience during the thirties does not invalidate the argument: rather it emphasizes how overdue were such reforms, how if science had progressed (as undoubtedly was the case) then it had done so at the expense of human dignity. Human dignity would only be restored when men returned to God, Bloy had said; and Orwell, confronted with the same problem in the next century, had declared that human dignity would only be restored if a religious attitude were adopted which accepted death as final. For in a sense Orwell began where Bloy had left off and left off where Bloy had begun.

BLOY'S reaction to the doctrine of progress was typical; and in the case of medical science—to take but one example—it is in keeping with much nineteenth century thought. For recall: this was a century when it was not surprising to find novelists nicknaming their characters who were doctors—Carver, Fillgrave and Slasher. Memories still lingered of Melville's account of an amputation in *Whitejacket* and even in Tennyson's poem "The Children's Hospital," an anti-surgery note is predominant. In *Felix Holt* when George Eliot wrote that "ignorance is not so damnable, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm" she was uttering the thoughts of many. Yet by and large these were pre-chloroform sentiments. By 1897, when *La Femme Pauvre* was

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originally published, considerable headway had been made with anaesthetics. For the crux of the matter was that Bloy was concerned exclusively with spiritual cures: in his writings he offered neither social palliatives nor a leveling-up of all men (save before God), because he believed that you only entered Paradise when "you are poor and crucified." As E. T. Dubois has noted elsewhere, commenting on this aspect of his thought: "Suffering and poverty in all their forms are united in the Passion, and through the Passion in the Mystical Body of Christ."

Yet wildly right as Bloy could be, at times he could also be wildly wrong. His method was very much a hit-and-miss one, since on occasion his own misfortunes would make him bitter against those who had succeeded where he had failed. There are excesses in his work of which one must be wary—for instance his belief that the rich are damned out and out because they are rich. Yet even so, such excesses at their most extravagant do not argue a lack of charity: rather they argue that faulty vision which is the price men must pay for original sin, since, if it were otherwise, they would be capable of creating a perfect society. This was the problem that faced Orwell.

IN ONE of his journals Bloy has this aside: "A small child has to be tortured by hunger so that a beautiful woman need not be deprived of the pleasure of an exquisite meal." Referring to his life as a *plongeur* in Paris, Orwell makes this observation:

> It was amusing to look round the filthy little scullery and think that only a double door was between us and the dining-room. There sat the customers in all their splendor—spotless tablecloths, bowls of flowers, mirrors and gilt cornices and painted cherubim; and here, just a few feet away, we in our disgusting filth.

Then at the end of his book, *Down and Out in Paris and London,* he adds: "I shall never again . . . enjoy a meal at a smart restaurant. That is a beginning."

In both extracts one notices a similarity of attitude, but once more in the case of Orwell it is less fanatical. So often with Bloy his cries are like those of a wounded animal, whereas with Orwell his cries are those of someone foundering in the dark; he has the honesty to admit that he is genuinely perplexed by the problem of life. As an English Radical—like Dickens of whom he wrote with such perception—he had "only an emotional perception that something is wrong;" that "perhaps . . . the Earthly Paradise isn't possible;" that "perhaps some degree of suffering is ineradicable from human life. . . ." That was the nearest he ever came to putting his own doctrine of original sin, because for him death was final. He could not accept the Christian interpretation, but was aware that if life was to be

made less "gloomy" either a substitute for religion must be found or a religious attitude be adopted in which "death is final." In vain he searched. His exhortation like that of Dickens in the previous century was to "behave decently," but far too often he found men paid no heed to such words; they were not enough to win men's loyalties, not enough to curb the brute nor bring out the best in them. Everywhere things fell apart because the center could not hold. Yeats with his poet's vision had been right; the world was disintegrating. So it was as something of a lone figure that Orwell stood amongst his contemporaries. His spell as a *plongeur* in Paris and as a tramp in England had brought him face to face with the flotsam and jetsam of life; he had no illusions about the perfectibility of man nor the creation of an utopian society. "That was a beginning," but he was unable to go further; he could only say "behave decently," or else *Nineteen Eighty-Four* will become a reality; it is already half true. For the final note of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is despair, and Orwell, pinning what trust he could on the human heart, was far too honest a writer to give a "gloomy" story a happy ending. He merely wrote of what he *perceived* to be true and of what he *perceived* was likely to become fact.

YET neither the final note of *Le Désespéré* nor *La Femme Pauvre* is despair, although in the course of each novel Bloy paints in true colors the horrors of despair. That is what was meant when it was said earlier that Bloy again continues where Orwell left off; for this is a retrospect-view that the telescoping of time can give a modern reader of their works.

Orwell saw as clearly the social evils of this century as Bloy had seen those of the nineteenth century; and both, taking upon themselves the robes of prophecy, pointed to where those evils would lead. Yet if they both saw those evils as a result of a lack of faith, then they were not using the term "faith" in quite the same sense as each other. To be sure they had both known despair, but because death was not final for Bloy but meant life, Life Everlasting, he passed through despair to hope. He might be splenetic, impatient and quick tempered, but he was splenetic, impatient and quick tempered in good faith; if he was to go to God, rather than go empty-handed, he preferred to take with him

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his spleen, impatience and quick temper so that they might be employed in ministering to His Will. That was his way of stripping his soul bare, of becoming a Pilgrim of the Absolute; since his two-fold aim was to bear witness to the Truth and to denounce the Lie—a two-fold aim, which, in another context, was also Orwell's. Indeed, men of such integrity as these are too big to be neatly pigeon-holed, and it is an impertinence to do so. For whatever their failings, whatever their shortcomings, one must see them whole—see Orwell as Bloy would have seen him and Bloy as Paul Verlaine saw him.

Le Dogme, certes, et la Loi,
Mais Charité qui ne commence
Ni ne finit, enorme, immense,
Telle est la foi de Léon Bloy.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA VIII

Catholics and Education

JOSEPH E. CUNNEEN

THE system of Catholic schools has been a great and heroic accomplishment, a unique experiment within a national experiment. To ask if it has been the most fruitful direction in which American Catholicism could spend so much of its energy, wealth, and manpower, is not to belittle the historic reasons for the effort, or the degree of success it has attained.

At the present time somewhat more than half of the Catholic children in grammar school, high school, and college are attending Catholic schools. The Catholic "thesis," usually presented without qualifications, is: "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school." Is this really to be our aim? Would it really be to the advantage of either the Church or of America to withdraw the other fifty per cent of Catholic students from public and secular schools? Would not Catholic participation in such schools, whether as administrators, teachers, or members of boards of education, be understandably resisted if we did so?

We must seriously ask ourselves if we can build up the Catholic school system indefinitely without doing major harm to the only practical American alternative. We cannot simply pay reverence to the Catholic "thesis" in behalf of a Christ-centered education; we should also take an honest look around to see in what way the American context may modify that thesis.

The realities of the economic situation is one of the things that modify it. It would be a sad thing for all concerned if the Catholic school system disintegrated from financial exhaustion, after long and bitter fights for public funds. It would be quite a different thing if Catholics, as a matter of free choice, confident in the religious vitality of Catholic homes and parishes, and in the possibility of creating reasonable safeguards for the faith of Catholics attending non-ideological public schools and colleges, worked for greater integration within the general educational structure. Many Catholics today are privately asking themselves if our present attempt in education is yielding a maximum return from the effort expended.

For example, many Catholic observers seem to feel that expansion in higher education is especially impractical, and its positive result would most often be superficial. They point to the increasingly prohibitive cost of equipment for college departments in science, and emphasize that students in certain areas should not be discouraged from attending secular universities whose facilities cannot be rivaled. Can we, however, adopt a policy which implies that it is "necessary" for students preparing to be lawyers to take their training under Catholic auspices, but that those who wish to be physicists must take their chances in a secular atmosphere?

As a matter of fact, isn't it a strange kind of economic planning which spends almost the entire Catholic educational effort on half its students, leaving the other half to feel that at best they are the victims of an unfortunate geographical location, and quite possibly shouldn't be attending the schools in which they find themselves? Don't we encourage a second-class Catholic status for those who are attending secular schools and colleges, and don't we often see this class distinction prolonged into later years: between those who are constantly within the official Catholic organizational orbit, and those who tend to be identified with the general community? (These groupings are not perfectly interchangeable.)

We hear many vague things about "leakage" caused by attendance at secular schools, but we fail to recognize that our attitude of grudging tolerance encourages the Catholic attending them to seek out a new loyalty.

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Is it really any help, for example, for a speaker at a Newman Club to expound on the advantages of Catholic colleges, and encourage a defensive and negative response to the values to which these Catholic students will be introduced? Because of the purely negative approach of their earlier Catholic schooling, I have seen Catholic students in secular colleges, excited in their youthful idealism by getting a glimpse of a vocation of public service, come to feel that their loyalties were being divided, or that this new ideal had no place in the Catholic apparatus they had been supporting.

WE Catholics in America do not reflect enough on the uniqueness of the experiment being conducted here, both politically and educationally. Public general education is still a new thing. Whatever its shortcomings, it has marked a great step forward. We may regret that the movement for public education emerged without a specific Catholic contribution, and at a time when American Protestantism was losing much of its vigor. It might also be said that, except for these conditions, this step might not have been made at all.

Certainly the assumptions of American public education, in many ways parallel to the assumptions of the American form of government, and the American tradition on Church and State, are such that Catholicism's European experiences offer no exact precedent. The thesis of the Catholic school, like the thesis of the Catholic state, was really grounded in the assumption that all schools were religious, that the alternatives were Catholic schools or Protestant, Jewish, or pagan schools. The American government is committed to an exciting—and so far, fruitful—experiment in which the state is not ideologically or religiously committed. The state is neutral but not unfriendly toward religion.

Although education affects the whole man, it is misleading to say simply that it is a "sacral" activity. Catholics are not the only ones who understand that an education which keeps all mention of religion out of the curriculum is in effect telling the child that religion is unimportant, if not worse. If we are also aware of the arrogance of innovators in educational theory, we can understand how public education could come to teach a religion of secularism. In so far as this is true, the public school is as guilty as the Catholic school of indoctrination, and dishonest to boot, since it does not represent fairly the education it is giving. At least to some extent we must believe that the public school today is a closed system, abandoning much of its educational responsibility for the sake of training its ideal democratic citizen.

We would do well not to overstate this case. Few of our public educators are intentionally hostile to religion. If Catholics as well as others suspect that the public school today is not neutral, that it does not leave the atmosphere of the school open to the supernatural, but is rather closed within a facile self-sufficient optimism in which God is considered unnecessary, we must try to understand how this condition came about. The situation may be chiefly a reflection of dangerous general attitudes in America (from which Catholics are not exempt) in which the pride of a young and prosperous nation at the peak of its power may have gone to its head. But part of the responsibility for the secularism of the public school may, ironically, be due to the existence of the parochial schools. "If people want that kind of education," the secularists could say, "let them go to such schools; let the public schools be for those that want the real thing." It is certainly true that the vaguely Protestant religious atmosphere of the public school has been diminishing as the Catholic school plant has grown.

No one but a lunatic would be in favor of closing all the Catholic schools tomorrow. But it may be the poorer strategy, all things considered, to point our efforts to the final goal of "every Catholic child in a Catholic school." It also seems economically impossible. Certainly, as long as our theoretical "ideal" remains that of duplicating religious school systems, non-Catholics—some with sorrow and some with anger—will not wish to aid us in the financing of our schools, and, suspecting that a principle is at stake, will even oppose such things as free bus-rides for parochial school children. If non-Catholics were really convinced that the major effort of Catholic education was towards greater and greater participation in the public schools, it seems highly likely that aid programs for school children could be enacted which in no way would discriminate against children attending religious schools.

A GREATER Catholic commitment to public and state schools ought to be realistic, however. All the traditional arguments against state monopoly of education still obtain. The survival of private schools is important, not least for the challenge they can constantly provide for public schools. It is for the democratic genius of the American people to use the state, and not to be used by it. Only articulate and responsible local control of education can help public schools avoid bureauracy and standardization, and can help them find solutions in terms of community needs.

It has, however, become more and more doubtful —this may become more obvious as the movement towards the suburbs continues—that dual (and inevitably, even if unwillingly, competing) school systems can be supported without severe strains on at least one group, and ultimately the entire community. Private schools can insure their future survival only by thinking

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out their *raison d'être* so as to be supremely indispensable to society. In general, it would seem that private schools should be the most academically rigorous of our schools; it is at least partly true that the best has a way of surviving. Many of them might be devoted to specially gifted children whom public education now often seems to be neglecting. Others might do effective work with retarded children, reversing the much too prevalent private school practice of abandoning the least promising students to the public schools.

More Catholic high schools in appropriate locations might even now be run as terminal institutions for boys who are going to be manual workers; others might throw off the usual city snobbery and prepare useful citizens for farm life. There is a need of experimental Catholic kindergartens and grammar schools working closely with trained psychologists to help all educators—including parents—with more information than we now have about the inculcation of moral and religious sentiment and its counterfeits. In general, it would seem that private schools could be the best kind of experimental schools, whose most fruitful lessons would eventually find their way into public-school education.

Are we Catholics completely logical in complaining that the atmosphere of much in public education is unfriendly to religious values when we have systematically withdrawn our own students and the majority of our best minds from the public schools? We have cried out for so long that the schools were godless that perhaps we have at least partially brought our fears into being. Are we to continue our withdrawal? This would seem the "safer" thing to do (although the rise in costs and the decline in vocations among teaching orders must give us some doubts as to whether it is possible). But these public schools are our schools too. If their secularist bias continues to gain the ascendancy, the experiment in American general education must be deemed a failure, and the loss for the nation at large will be incalculable. Our responsibility, both towards our children and our country, should be to unite with those who are increasingly aware—and many of them are already at work in the public-school system—that this trend should be reversed.

This will not be accomplished by noisy and strenuous "patriot" groups; it has nothing to do with removing Howard Fast's books from public high-school libraries. The basic idea of the American public school is compromised in so far as its training militates against the formation of the *homo naturaliter Christianus*. Catholics, Protestants, Jews, agnostics and even secularists can work together so that the graduates of the public schools will at least pose to themselves the problem of their destiny. Since the public school cannot undertake doctrinal instruction, the Catholic will always rightly consider such "religious" training incomplete; it is in fact pre-religious training which the home and the parish must supplement. The public school can only keep the avenues open: both to the supernatural and to a humanism that considers itself self-sufficient.

AS the situation stands today, we are understandably hesitant about accepting greater participation in the public school as an ultimate goal. Perhaps the awareness of our inadequacies in giving our children the religious training they need is one reason for this. But has not our being able to say, "Our boy is under the good sisters' care; our duty is done," often encouraged our irresponsibility and religious illiteracy? Are not most of our parishes so busy with the financing and administration of their churches, schools, rectories, and convents that there is little money and less time to make sure that adults are continuing to be educated in their faith?

It seems to me that once we adopt the "missionary" understanding of the parish preached by an Abbé Godin or an Abbé Michonneau, we will no longer be content to build huge parish plants—which sometimes become as much a monument to our material success as to the honor of God—as insecure islands in a hostile world. Abbé Michonneau has harsh things to say about a pastoral effort almost entirely given over to children. It sometimes seems to him a hypocritical evasion, betraying a kind of fear that the Gospel can no longer be preached as relevant to the parents. The priest who cannot speak of poverty in Wall Street, of justice and purity of heart in the factory, of peace and mercy in the training camp, may be grievously deceiving himself when he rejoices to see the parish teams he has organized filling up the first three rows at Mass.

It is at least an open question whether many of the Church's organizations are not more of a burden than a help in her missionary task. By placing so much of our energies in our schools, we have made it easier for anti-Catholic forces—as behind the Iron Curtain—to all but deal a death-blow to the Faith by eliminating them. It would have been a harder task if the parents had been trained to carry on the work of Catholic education; if responsible laymen had been formed who would not perish for lack of organizational support, and who could keep the flame of faith alive in the prisons and in the underground.

The necessity for more vocations to the priesthood is real, but it is hard to take the problem as seriously as it should be taken when we see so many of those who have received the sacrament of Holy Orders bending most of their energies to all kinds of administrative tasks, teaching chemistry, English, or, for that matter, the higher courses in philosophy. If it is claimed that this is necessary, that these priests cannot be free for the full-time discharge of their sacerdotal duties, the answer would seem to be that this is

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further proof of the uneconomic nature of the Catholic educational effort.

Until recently, lack of trained personnel made the use of priests necessary in many teaching positions in Catholic schools. It is not a complaint against their teaching—probably the majority of the Church's most distinguished scholars are priests even today—to say that the Catholic people who built and maintained a high level of seminary training were hoping for full-time priests, and were not intentionally subsidizing clerical scholarship. Have our religious orders and congregations, so many of which arose to meet specific historical needs in education, the faith and the simplicity to re-consider their specific vocation in the America of today?

American Catholicism could not have made the gains it has without a close relationship between priests and people. Laymen can teach arithmetic and even theology; they cannot take the place of the priest in a world dying with a thirst for the sacred. Priests who are good bookkeepers or good English teachers are not bearing their uniquely healing word to the people, visiting each apartment in a crowded tenement block, spending the extra afternoon with patients in a mental hospital, making it possible for more souls to have the individual spiritual advisers they need.

THE decisions of American Catholics in education will be fateful for the Church and for the nation. Laymen should have sufficient loyalty to their bishops to make their opinions and hopes known, with no reservations about their willingness to cooperate in whatever direction is to be taken. Whatever may be the future of the Catholic school system, I think we have reviewed enough of the situation to come to some conclusions:

(1) The financial burden of parochial schools should not obscure American Catholic responsibility for the support of public education. Catholics should never allow themselves to be the inveterate opposition on increases for public school budgets, and should do more than they now seem to be doing to earn the reputation of friends of the public school.

(2) New Catholic schools should not be started "automatically." In those that exist a greater effort should be made to avoid whatever logic there may be in this system that might make for an exaggerated separatism and any trace of intolerance.

(3) Existing Catholic schools, and indeed the planning of the over-all Catholic educational effort, ought to be more and more in the hands of qualified laymen, leaving more priests free to institute a genuine parish revival looking towards increased religious education for adults and closer priestly contact with the people.

The American experiment has led to the very brink of religious indifferentism, a situation to which Catholics must ever be alert. But we sometimes forget the positive values of this experiment, and need to be reminded of some of them, as in the statement of Dr. Judah Goldin, Dean of Seminary College, Jewish Theological Seminary: "In this country even the non-public schools have been influenced in fundamental ways to the good by the character of our public schools . . . [They] have done much to ease the unnecessary strains that exist among the various sects and denominations. I think that even the denominational schools, because of the parallel existence of our public schools, have learned how to make their particular emphases with better grace and greater fairness."

It may well be a sorrow one day for my son to realize that his non-Catholic friend cannot receive Communion with him; that the boy and his parents do not believe as he does that the priest changes bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. When my son continues to see the personal worth of his friend, knowing very well that his friend in no way is of less value than he in the eyes of God, there is no reason why he should think the Eucharist unimportant. Should it not, on the contrary, help him in preparation for Communion, encouraging him to receive with greater humility and the more genuine prayer that we may all one day be one in Him?

(This is the second installment of a two-part article. The next article in the series will appear in the issue of August 28.)

FROM FRANCE

The Rosenberg Case

Paris

A FEW hours before the Rosenbergs were executed, François Mauriac, Gabriel Marcel, and two Christian attorneys sent the following telegram to the White House: "We remind you at the moment of your final decision that all France has asked clemency for the Rosenberg couple—through the voice of the Catholic Church, of the Reformed Church, the French rabbinate, our national labor unions, representatives of all political parties, the principal journals of all shades of opinion, great writers, artists, federations of displaced persons and war veterans, the League for the Rights of Man, municipal councils, the City of Paris, and the unanimous sentiment of a profoundly disturbed people."

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This telegram was an exact statement of the truth. Opinion in France was virtually unanimous, reflecting a universal feeling of horror at the drama unfolding on the other side of the Atlantic, and a feeling of consternation when its final outcome became known.

The French, who are ready to come to blows over so many ideas and are the very symbol of division, were reunited on an affair which at first sight concerned them only remotely. The explanation is that memories of the Dreyfus case, which aroused our parents and grandparents, are still very much alive in France. In our eyes here was another Dreyfus case. Was America going to gain or lose by the way she dealt with the Rosenbergs?

It would be erroneous to believe that Frenchmen were only emotionally united in the matter. There was, of course, plenty to move the hardest of hearts—more than we could bear: the terrible succession of dates and stays of execution, the electric chair made ready, withdrawn, brought forward and withdrawn again, the ordeal of the trial, the direct telephone wire between Sing Sing and the White House—which would link the two eternally, to paraphrase M. Mauriac.

But it is essentially on the plane of law and justice that the French who tried in one way or another to save the Rosenbergs took their stand. Most of us still believe—on the basis of the facts we have—that the Rosenbergs were innocent, if not wholly so at least innocent of the exact crime of which they were accused. We believe they were expiatory victims who were handed over to satisfy a public impatient to be rid of its own anti-Communist fears and bad conscience.

THE loss of prestige the United States suffered in France through the Rosenberg execution is heavy, the benefit for the Communists prodigious. "By what right do you condemn the executions behind the Iron Curtain?" some ask. "You can see clearly now that the leadership of the Atlantic Community claimed by the Americans does not rest on moral superiority." If elections had been held within forty-eight hours after the execution, popular indignation would have brought an increase of ten per cent in the Communist vote.

I know that we French should be one of the last peoples brash enough to protest; we have plenty of dirt at our own doorway. My American friends are always talking this way. I realize only too well the travesties of French justice of the past decade: the innocent victims accused, tortured and executed by military tribunals or in the purge. But those trials were not surrounded by that extraordinary focus of international opinion which somehow turned Washington's decision into a symbolic touchstone of American democracy.

Even if we had ten Rosenberg cases on our conscience we could still say, "Take heed! Do not do as we did; avoid the mistakes we have made." Such is the stand on which all non-Communists in France, and especially French Christians, intervened. To perceive nothing but anti-Americanism, subtly promoted by Communist propaganda, in the protesting telegrams and interventions is a grave error of judgment.

It was not only the action of the Communists which shook French opinion. From the beginning, the Communists had kept up a most strenuous propaganda campaign, of course. But in January, when President Truman was asked to grant clemency, the whole French press, Left and Right, published articles favoring mercy. Many refused to express opinions on the legal points in the case, but all found monstrous the possibility that a mother of two young children would be sent to the chair. From this time on, many journalists argued that the execution of the Rosenbergs would be a much more powerful weapon in the hands of the Communists than their pardon.

The depositions or charges which had carried the day against the denials of the Rosenbergs seemed to us less than convincing. Could one have much faith in the testimony of a brother-in-law who had accused the Rosenbergs and was rewarded by saving his own life? Yet his testimony was held decisive. Could a confessed criminal be a witness worthy of confidence? Dr. Harold C. Urey's letter to the New York *Times* of January 8 was reproduced in all our large dailies and made a powerful impression. And intervention by numerous leaders who were surely inspired by humanitarian considerations—as with the two communications from Pope Pius XII to American authorities—made a profound impression on European public opinion.

But even if the soundness of the accusation were admitted, there seemed a startling disproportion in the sentences imposed for the same crime of passing on atomic secrets to the Russians. Ruth Greenglass—never tried. David Greenglass—fifteen years. Sobel and Henry Gold—thirty years. Ethel and Julius Rosenberg—sentenced to death.

SUCH are the considerations that shaped French opinion during the last few weeks before the execution. They produced a dilemma. Should we remain silent and by our silence become accomplices? Or should we speak instead, asking for clemency and a review of the case? That would risk giving the impression that we were falling in line with the Communists, disturbing our American friends by intervening in a case which they proclaimed to be solely their own concern. In the end, we decided to speak, and for the first time in France since the Resistance many names appeared together as signatures on joint telegrams and on posters.

Whether in the last analysis these French interventions were justified or not—I mean whether the Rosenbergs were innocent or guilty—Americans, especially

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American Catholics, should be correctly informed as to what their object was. There was no desire in France to read Americans a lesson or to get back at an America which tends to regard the countries of the old world with disdain. On the contrary, our concern bore witness to our realization of the profound moral solidarity that unites the two continents. Beyond the persons of the Rosenbergs it had a bearing on those very principles whose defense is our common aim.

It has seemed to us that the democratic spirit of which the United States desires to be champion in opposing Soviet totalitarianism is in danger of being lost if respect for the human person and solicitude for the truth no longer supply the foundation for the judicial system. If one thing can assure the superiority of the Western ideal over that of the Soviet world, it is that justice prevails over reasons of state. We are told that the American public has absolute confidence in its judicial system and remained comparatively indifferent to the outcome of the case. But such is not the French view. And even reasons of state themselves seemed to demand pardon for the guilty. To quote the cynical saying of Talleyrand, the execution of the Rosenbergs "was more than a crime, it was a mistake."

WE French Catholics note with a growing apprehension that sort of iconoclastic rage, that frenzy for purging and "book-burning" and "witch hunts"—and all else that is signified over here by the name of McCarthyism—particularly since many American Catholics seem happy to take part in it. How many American bishops, we ask, raised their voices, like the Pope, to ask mercy at least for Ethel Rosenberg so that the two children would not become wholly orphaned? And among the American laity were there any prominent figures who asked for clemency? If we Christians do not from time to time raise our voices —in cases of this kind—to remind the powers of this world that our God is a God of mercy, who will?

In a world prey to partisan struggles, torn by ideologies and rival imperialisms, Christians must realize more and more the nature of their temporal mission: to give testimony of brotherly love, tolerance and the rejection of violence. That will at times involve taking costly stands and breaking with the views of the majority. But it is truly a scandal to see so many of us accommodate ourselves to the established order —rather the "established disorder," as Emmanuel Mounier put it—an order based so often upon falsehood, wickedness and the oppression of man by man.

There is no turning back. But U. S. Catholics should ask themselves if they fulfilled to the limit the demands of the Christian conscience and Christian compassion in the Rosenberg case.

ROBERT BARRAT.

THE SCREEN

SUDS IN YOUR EYE

JAMES A. Michener will no doubt be astonished to learn that he has fathered a soap opera, but even he will have to admit that "Return to Paradise," the movie made from "Mr. Morgan," one of the stories in his book, *Return to Paradise,* has little more depth than a radio serial. It is a sentimental picture, uncertain in meaning and execution—which is surprising, because it was directed by Mark Robson who has shown in the past that he knows what cinema is all about.

Photographed in Technicolor on the Polynesian island of Upolu, "Return to Paradise" has an amateurish quality. It is almost apologetic in telling this tale of the South Pacific (which might have been called "Deep Down He Cared") about a beachcomber who comes to a lush island, falls in love with a native girl (beautiful Roberta Haynes), refuses to marry her in spite of the pleas of the local pastor, and leaves in anger when she dies bearing his daughter. Many years later, during World War II, he returns to this paradise with supplies, tries to ignore his grown daughter (beautiful Moira MacDonald) and pretty well does so until she falls in love with an American flier.

Gary Cooper plays the leading role with his usual tight-lipped, reluctant charm. Although Charles Kaufman's script does not wander far from Michener's original story, it and Cooper fail to catch the intense bitterness that is so important to the character. The best scenes are those built around the revolt that this man leads against the pastor who rules the island with the iron hand of a religious fanatic. Barry Jones' performance in this role is superb and you'll remember it long after you've forgotten the swaying palm trees, faded sarongs and Cooper's problems with women.

MAKING no pretence about its soap-opera qualities, "All I Desire" works overtime to tear your heart apart with a Stella Dallas story about a mother who walked out on her family in 1900 to go on the stage and returns ten years later to see her younger daughter in a high school play.

Barbara Stanwyck plays the brave little woman well; and Richard Carlson is effective in a quiet sort of way as her long-suffering husband. Barbara knows she's been a flop on the stage and would just as soon return to the bosom of her family, but who should turn up but that nasty man (Lyle Bettger) with whom she had an affair in 1900 and who is now ready to take up again where they left off. So Barbara helps her children the best she can, and prepares to depart with these wise and noble words: "Today you've found out that people you

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want to be perfect aren't always perfect. Forget me, but don't hate me." Thus speaks Mary Backstage whose heart of gold shines even beneath her flashy clothes and layers of make-up. And, in case you didn't know it, we've just celebrated "All I Desire" week during which five thousand grocers participated in local ceremonies and a national contest to find an "All I Desire" girl who will be awarded a week's trip to *Hollywood*.

AND there's a murder mystery soap opera that may send a couple of shivers down your spine if you can possibly follow its complicated plot. "A Blueprint for Murder" confronts Joseph Cotten with a series of knotty questions. Are his good friends (Gary Merrill, Catherine McLeod) right in deciding that his young niece did not die of natural causes? Is he right in assuming that his pretty sister-in-law (Jean Peters) administered the strychnine that polished off her stepdaughter? Is Joe assuming too much responsibility when he decides to give this woman a lethal dose in order to save his nephew from a similar fate? The answer to all these questions comes at the end of this muddled movie.

WILLIAM Holden turns up in a fine new film —a picture that is aimed at adults and gives him an excellent chance to show his acting ability. He makes the most of it in "Stalag 17" as Sefton, a POW who gets a raw deal from his fellow prisoners. Otto Preminger gets a good opportunity, too, to display to advantage his acting talents as the German commandant of the prison camp.

Billy Wilder, who produced, directed and had a hand in writing the script from the play by Donald Devan and Edmund Trzcinski, likes to make films with a biting social content. So "Stalag 17," instead of being just the comedy-melodrama it was on the stage, is now a stirring commentary on man's inhumanity to man. Worse than the German treatment of the men interned at Stalag 17 (a real World War II prison camp at Krems, Austria) is the brutal way in which Sefton is treated by his barrack mates, who think he is spying on them for the Germans.

As a decoration to this grim story (which, I'm glad to report, has no soft and sentimental buddy stuff at the end) are scenes of local color around the camp and in the barrack itself. The horseplay is somewhat crude at times, but Director Wilder keeps it realistic with Harvey Lembeck, Robert Strauss, Richard Erdman, Don Taylor, Jay Lawrence and many others in this large cast. As a picture of what Americans went through in a German POW camp, "Stalag 17" is less interesting than it is as a forceful commentary on intolerance among Americans.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

Alger Hiss and The Earl Jowitt

JAMES N. VAUGHAN

ALGER Hiss was twice tried for perjury. One count asserted he lied under oath when he denied delivery of secret papers to Whittaker Chambers in February or March, 1938. The other count stated Hiss so lied when he denied having any connection with Chambers after January 1, 1937.

On the first trial the jury disagreed. It was afterward commonly understood that the jurors had voted eight for conviction and four for acquittal.

Hiss was convicted on both counts by the jury who heard the second trial ending early in 1950. He was sentenced to five years in prison. The judgment of conviction was appealed to the United States Court of Appeals, Second Circuit. That bench consisted of three experienced Judges—Swan, Chase and Augustus N. Hand. The Court of Appeals, speaking through Judge Chase, unanimously affirmed the judgment of conviction. Hiss sought review of this affirmance by the United States Supreme Court. Such review was denied.

The study of the Hiss case by Lord Jowitt [*The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*. Doubleday, $3.95.] is a masterly dissenting opinion. The Earl does not say in so many words that the jury should have acquitted Hiss. He does not in so many words contend that the Appellate Courts could and should have set aside the judgment of conviction. Certain, it is, however, that he strongly intimates one or the other result should have happened. He claims to see in the record doubts touching nearly all branches of the evidence. These doubts, skillfully added together, spell out, he implies, a "reasonable doubt" of the guilt of Hiss. This is the undoubted drift of the whole argument contained in *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss* despite the fact that the author never states it in terms. This book, therefore, brilliantly illustrates what Baron Alderson—another English Judge—meant when he said: "One half of the English language is interpreted by the context."

Lord Jowitt seems to believe that Hiss was the equivalent of a Communist in his early days in Washington. He thinks Hiss did himself a great disservice, through almost inevitable weakness perhaps, humanly speaking, by denying his Communist associations when first questioned about them some years earlier than the

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time the Chambers charges were made public. But since Hiss was not indicted for denying that he had been a Communist or for denying substantial Communist associations, Lord Jowitt emphasizes that much of the evidence received on the trial should never have been permitted to come into the record since its presence had a tendency seriously to injure Hiss in the minds of the jurors.

IT is the theory of this book that Chambers, because of his morbid background and lying performances under oath on many occasions before the Hiss trial, should never have been given credit except where his testimony could be irresistibly corroborated by independent proofs. Now that we have had an opportunity to read *Witness,* Lord Jowitt thinks, a psychiatrist making a study of Mr. Chambers might well find some grounds for a diagnosis of undependable, not to say profoundly wicked or even insane, mentality.

The author is critical of the alleged failure of the trial judge to review *all* the evidence in his charge to the jury. In England we are told such review of the facts would have been indispensable. He is critical of Mr. Murphy for not attempting any substantial cross-examination of Donald Hiss. Actually, no purpose that I can see could have been served by such cross-examination. Lord Jowitt is convinced that Harry Dexter White was innocent of all wrong-doing. Finally, he works out what he offers as a convincing case for believing it to be more than merely possible that the Hiss theory of forgery by typewriter was and is valid. Admittedly no support for that theory has been found since Hiss was convicted.

Professedly, the purpose of this book is to raise important questions in the mind of the reader so that he —by mere thinking processes, be it understood— will be able to find answers and thereby fit himself to decide whether Hiss was really guilty of perjury. Yet Lord Jowitt states that he cannot decide these questions for himself with complete assurance. Despite this overt disclaimer of a final opinion by the author, I think no one reading his book, unaided by independent investigation of the facts, will fail to conclude that Lord Jowitt means to be understood as saying that there is a reasonable doubt of the guilt of Hiss. Hence, putting aside all circumlocution, this book aims to persuade its readers that the conviction of Hiss represents a miscarriage of American justice.

I HAVE not seen the English edition of this book nor have I read any reviews published in England or elsewhere regarding that original edition. It has been reported, however, that the English edition contains errors of fact, detection of which by English critics caused delay in the publication of the American edition so that such errors might be corrected. The corrective work if done has been inadequate. The current American edition contains serious deficiencies on material points.

An outstanding example in my opinion is this: In November, 1938, at Baltimore, Chambers produced papers which he stated were delivered to him by Hiss. Among these papers were typewritten copies of secret documents. It was admitted in the trial that the typewritten material had been produced on a Woodstock typewriter owned by Mrs. Hiss. The book of Lord Jowitt is so written that any reader is necessarily required to frame for himself this question: why should *any* of these secret documents have been copied on a typewriter? It was surely more convenient and in all respects preferable to photograph them. Nowhere does Lord Jowitt afford any explanation for typewriting rather than photographing some of the secret materials.

On a casual reading of the book one would be disposed to say that Lord Jowitt is altogether silent on the answer to this question although this question itself will force its existence on the most aimless reader. An attentive reader, however, might note that there is on page 310 this statement: "Chambers had given a possible explanation of how some of the documents were typed and some photographed." But what that "possible" explanation is has not been stated or in any way whatever suggested by Lord Jowitt. This question has not been passed in silence by the Court of Appeals which speaks of it as follows: "In accordance with a routine they developed, Mr. Chambers customarily called at the Hiss home in the evening about *once in two weeks* and picked up whatever documents Mr. Hiss had abstracted from the State Department *on that day* and took them to Baltimore to be microfilmed. He would then return the originals to Mr. Hiss *before daylight the next day.* As time went on the two men altered their method so that 'production' would be greater. Mr. Hiss would take home each night from the State Department confidential documents which Mrs. Hiss would copy on a Woodstock typewriter they had in their house. These copies would accumulate, and when Mr. Chambers called at the Hiss home on one of his *fortnightly* visits he would pick up what copies they had, together with any originals Mr. Hiss had *that day* brought home." (Emphasis supplied).

CONSIDER Lord Jowitt on the question whether there was any contradiction between the testimony of John Foster Dulles and Hiss. Lord Jowitt devotes Chapter 25 of his book to this question. He entitles the Chapter, "The Supposed Controversy between Mr. John Foster Dulles and Alger Hiss." The purpose of Chapter 25 is to prove that there was noth-

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ing of substance in any alleged differences of recollection between Mr. Dulles and Hiss. On this point Lord Jowitt says: "This matter was canvassed after the trial in the Court of Appeals, and it is interesting to note that in the careful judgment then delivered on the question as to whether it was permissible to call Mr. Dulles in rebuttal, the phrase was used 'in so far as Mr. Dulles's testimony may be said to be contradictory.' " The chapter ends with this statement: "I find myself in agreement with the Court of Appeals in doubting whether there was any controversy between the evidence of Mr. Dulles and that of Hiss on any matter in the least relevant to this case."

Anybody turning to the opinion of the Court of Appeals may easily satisfy himself that the views of that Court are substantially distorted by Lord Jowitt throughout Chapter 25 of his book; specifically in the passages which have just been quoted. Mr. Dulles was called to testify to rebut testimony given by Hiss in the first instance in his own behalf concerning conversations he had had with Mr. Dulles. The implication Hiss wanted to raise from his testimony about talks with Mr. Dulles was that Mr. Dulles did not credit the accusations being made against Hiss during 1947 and 1948. Note now what the Court of Appeals said about this matter: "This testimony, [by Mr. Hiss] if believed, would have afforded evidence of the good character of Mr. Hiss in addition to the direct evidence to that effect in the testimony of the character witnesses he called. In rebuttal, the government called Mr. Dulles, *who testified without objection in partial contradiction.* After both parties had rested and the summation for the appellant had been finished, a motion was made to strike the testimony of Mr. Dulles on the ground that the contradiction of Mr. Hiss on an immaterial matter had been permitted in rebuttal. Its denial is now claimed to be reversible error. We cannot agree. In so far as Mr. Dulles's testimony may be said to be contradictory, it tended to refute the inferences of good character which might otherwise be drawn from the testimony of Mr. Hiss, and was therefore not collateral, but bore directly on an issue he had raised himself." (Emphasis supplied).

It is obvious from this that there was no finding by the Court to the effect that as between Mr. Dulles and Mr. Hiss there was lacking contradictory testimony; and had the contradiction not been substantial, the motion by Hiss, before the trial court, to strike out the Dulles testimony would have been unintelligible. The phrase removed by Lord Jowitt from its context, namely, "in so far as Mr. Dulles's testimony may be said to be contradictory" is a phrase taking that form not to show there was no contradiction of substance but to be consistent with the categorical statement earlier made by the court that Mr. Dulles testified in *partial* contradiction to Hiss. And the discussion of whether this had to do with an "immaterial" matter does not mean immateriality regarding the nature of the contradiction but has reference to the extraneous nature of any controversy as between Mr. Dulles and Hiss seeing that Hiss was not on trial for falsity in his version of conversations with Mr. Dulles but was on trial for the wholly different reasons contained in the indictment.

THE question of forgery by typewriter was fully considered by the Circuit Court of Appeals. That Court made it clear it understood the Hiss theory and was thoroughly satisfied that the jury had ample ground for rejecting such theory and for finding that the truth was that the typewritten documents were produced by Mr. Hiss or with the connivance of Mr. Hiss on the Woodstock typewriter admittedly owned by Mrs. Hiss. Here is what the Circuit Court of Appeals said on that question:

"To the prosecution's theory that the appellant abstracted these copied documents and took them home where they were copied on a typewriter which the jury could, and doubtless did, find was then in his home, the only possible alternative is that one or more others abstracted them (for there is not the slightest evidence or suggestion that the Woodstock typewriter was ever in the State Department) and then took what pains were needed to copy them, or have them copied, on that particular typewriter either at the Hiss home or elsewhere on some later date and, if at the Hiss home, unbeknown to Mr. or Mrs. Hiss. Obviously that would have entailed some risk of detection by the Hisses which the use of some other means of copying would not have involved. It seems abundantly clear that the jury was amply justified in believing that these circumstances did not indicate some ulterior motive to harm the appellant [Hiss] at some future date but in believing that they pinned the abstractions and deliveries fast to the appellant himself."

With regard to the celebrated confrontation of Hiss and Chambers at the Hotel Commodore in New York City on August 17, 1948, Lord Jowitt, after furnishing the entire stenographic report of what happened on that occasion, treats of the palpable delay by Hiss in identifying Chambers as a person he had known ten years earlier as hesitation based upon a "genuine difficulty" on the part of Hiss in recognizing Chambers after a lapse of about ten or twelve years. The Circuit Court of Appeals should be quoted for the view it took of this

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question. That Court said: "Aside from dental repairs, probably more extensive than the average person requires during such a period, there was nothing to show any change in the appearance of Mr. Chambers which should be unexpected in a man of his age during about ten years between the time the appellant admitted having last seen and known him as Crosley and the time in 1948 when he denied that he could recognize Mr. Chambers. The jury might well have believed that the appellant had been less than frank in his belated recognition of Mr. Chambers as a man he had known as Crosley and had admittedly known well enough to provide for him a partly furnished apartment at cost with all utilities free to say nothing of an automobile, old certainly, but still useful."

ALGER Hiss had a public trial over which an experienced, considerate and calm judge presided with quiet dignity. On his second, as on his first trial, he had lawyers who understood their work and gave Hiss everything which could be expected of able advocates. Mr. Murphy, the prosecuting attorney, was universally esteemed during the trial for conducting the prosecution in a manner suited to his responsible office. The jurors took considerable time in their deliberations. Their verdict became the judgment of the trial court. The judgment was reviewed and affirmed. In the absence of new evidence—and none is contained in Lord Jowitt's book—there is in my opinion no cause to think justice miscarried.

Lord Mansfield once observed: "There is no calling witnesses without facts; there is no making a defense without innocence; there is no answering evidence which is true." Americans who lived through the Hiss trial must be overwhelmingly of the view, I think, that this is a case where "there is no answering evidence which is true." The fascinating report on the case which we now owe to Lord Jowitt does not contain anything which requires a revision of that view.

A Catholic Evaluation of Psychoanalysis

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND PERSONALITY. By Joseph Nuttin. Sheed & Ward. $4.

By WILLIAM C. BIER

THE original edition of this book by a priest-professor of the University of Louvain appeared in the Dutch language in 1949. One infers that the present translation by George Lamb is from the French edition which was published the following year. As its title suggests, the work performs a two-fold function: it offers a Catholic evaluation of psychoanalysis, and it suggests a dynamic theory of normal personality, based in part upon the findings of depth psychology.

By way of introduction, there is a preliminary survey of approximately thirty pages on Freudian psychoanalysis, necessary for the uninitiate but helpful for all. This initial presentation is capably done, reveals the most adequate knowledge of psychoanalytic literature, and creates an atmosphere of confidence for the evaluation of psychoanalysis which follows and which constitutes the first portion of the book.

Many will probably consider the section on the critical evaluation of psychoanalysis as the most valuable portion of the book. It could have been written only by one who had been a student of psychoanalysis for many years and was acquainted with the system not only theoretically but also clinically. The kind of mature evaluation of psychoanalysis which Father Nuttin supplies in this book has long been sought by many English-speaking Catholics, and this work consequently fills a real need. The general attitude adopted toward psychoanalysis is revealed in the following quotation from the preface of the book: "As an isolated dogmatic system Freudism is out of date, but as a source of new ideas about man's psychic life it was never more active or more fruitful."

In the elaborate system which is psychoanalysis, Father Nuttin distinguishes three elements: (1) scientific fact; (2) scientific theory; and (3) Freudian *Weltanschauung*, the latter a global conception of man. He finds Freudian philosophy to be "the exaggeration of a new and fascinating idea." The scientific theory of psychoanalysis is considered in the light of new lines of development within psychoanalysis itself and psychotherapy in general, and the conclusion reached is that Freudian therapy is one method among many, and that in consequence "there is no reason either to limit oneself to its technique or to reject it lock, stock and barrel." With respect to the scientific facts of psycholoanalysis, the author feels that "These new facts will certainly lead us to revise a number of elements in our 'traditional' conception of psychic life."

It is relatively easy to say that there is no conflict between the Christian conception of man and the "rich body of facts concerning the content and mechanisms of psychic life, discovered by the study of depth psychology." It is quite another, and much more difficult, undertaking to suggest how the synthesis of the two may be conceived. This is the challenging task to which Father Nuttin has addressed himself in the second portion of the book dealing with a dynamic theory of normal personality.

One hesitates to criticize so pioneering an effort, where the very attempt is itself a contribution. Yet this reviewer at least cannot refrain from questioning the wisdom of Father Nuttin's decision to keep his synthesis on a purely scientific level, avoiding philosophical entanglements. Laudable as such a restriction might be in a presentation to non-Catholic colleagues, it appears that the present book is intended

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mainly for Catholics, and for them the synthesis here presented is likely to appear inadequate, and to that extent, unsatisfactory. Neither Freud nor Adler, upon whom the author relies in building his dynamic theory, succeeded in avoiding philosophical conceptions, and Father Nuttin might have formally availed himself of the same privilege. The result, for Catholic readers at least, would almost surely have been more satisfying.

Worthy of special commendation is the section of approximately twenty pages on the unconscious and freedom, where the author offers a penetrating analysis of this vexing question, and makes real progress toward putting the matter in proper perspective. The same cannot be said for his brief section on the therapeutic value of immoral ways of conduct, where the moral liceity of counseling material sin for therapeutic purposes is considered. Although Father Nuttin does not discuss this matter with all the clarity which could be desired, the reader gathers that such counsel, though not recommended, would not be illicit. At the time of writing the author could not have had the guidance of the Pope's recent allocution to the delegates of the Fifth International Congress of Psychotherapy and Clinical Psychology, in which such counsel is explicitly condemned. It seems regrettable, however, that, since the book was not published until June, a footnote to this effect could not have been included.

In an appendix to the book is included an impressive annotated bibliography of close to one-hundred and fifty titles. Father Nuttin has made himself a thorough master of the literature on psychoanalysis, and the entire book bears eloquent testimony to this fact.

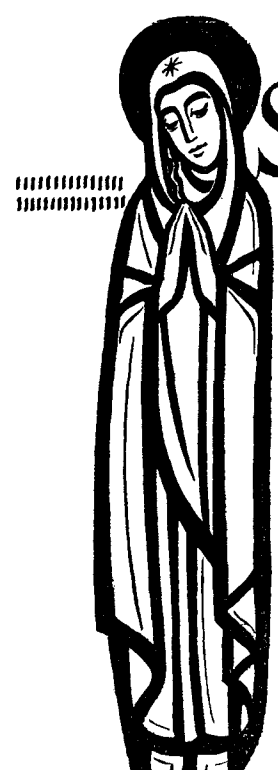
This work is not a popular discussion of psychoanalysis; it is, on the contrary, a predominantly technical book. Though not exclusively for the expert, it is more for the specialist than for the layman. It is closely reasoned, and the style is not easy, due, perhaps, to its double translation. It is, however, a solid and thoroughly scholarly book, scrupulously documented throughout; one which requires, but will repay, study. It is a book which no serious student of psychoanalysis or modern psychology can afford to neglect.

Ennui

NO NAME IN THE STREET. By Kay Cicellis. Grove Press. $3.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

DURING the late nineteen twenties appeared a motion picture about a rich young man who found life no longer worth living. Its climax, the only heartening scene in the movie, had him moping about the locker room of his club, complaining to his golf pro that he might as well be dead. The pro promptly threw him across the rubdown table and began to throttle him. The stripling fought back. "There," said the pro, in a triumphant sub-title, "if you don't



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want to live, why didn't you let me choke you?"

This sequence of primitive therapy is brought to mind by *No Name in the Street,* a beautifully written, frankly existentialist, and futile first novel. The author, a Greek born in 1926, is a resident of Athens, the setting of her story. She has previously published a volume of short stories, *The Easy Way,* which received acclaim in England.

Miss Cicellis's breadth of observation, her structure and her style, are such that one is tempted into flagrant generalizations about the respective abilities of young European and American writers. She has an eye for the potentialities of the commonplace, and she can make out of rain on the pavement, crowd noises, sudden dusk in a hospital room, an atmosphere which is in itself alluring.

Her opening paragraph, for example, "At school, the boys got together at recess, in the courtyard, in the cold: that was the first time he began playing about with his future," is representative of the kind of unexpected thing with which the book is filled.

The story itself is another matter. Dedicated to the literary tradition of gallant young people gone somehow askew, its central characters are a bright band of embryo intellectuals, friends since school days, who find their principle of union in a symbolic excursion to the Round Island, and their solitary mutual myth in their lost leader, betrayed by one of them into German hands during the Resistance. These tenuous claims and their shared insecurity hold them together in love and hate, making their companionship a dread but indispensable burden, their *raison d'etre,* their only proof of identity.

To this group comes Gregory, a young man more intelligent and sensitive than is good for him. Gregory has reached a decision: he is to leave his family in a month, and go to work for an uncle in a north Germany factory town. This situation he looks forward to as an anodyne for his sensitivity, a gray and healing monotony of working days and sleep-clogged nights.

His initial attraction to the group is catalyzed by a meeting with Richter, his former German professor, whom the war has left schizophrenic. Here Gregory finds the ultimate reduction of his desire for the factory town nirvana. Richter lives in his office, sealing the doors and windows with newspapers for greater quiet and seeing the light of day as little as possible. "You don't know how convenient it would be for you," says Richter, urging Gregory to live the same way in his new job. "I do so want to guard you against the dangers of living in a flat; it is so difficult nowadays to be left alone and undisturbed—and I promise you, that is the *essential* factor if you want to lead the kind of life I guess you have in mind."

In flight from the insinuation of Richter's hermetic womb-existence, Gregory plunges into the ceaseless camaraderie of the group, following it from cafe to cafe and sifting its relationships for the principle which will make him whole. He does not

Civil Liberties V

"Bourgeois society is a kind of Alice-in-Wonderland, a sort of topsy-turvy, never-never land in which you will wander forever lost and bewildered unless you learn its peculiar language. The key to mastering the language is to understand that the words employed mean the opposite of what they seem to mean. When the people who make up bourgeois society are, at the same time, heirs to a Christian tradition the results are indeed bewildering. Then we get people not simply hating their enemies but hating them in the name of Christian zeal, not simply despising their neighbors but despising them in the name of Christian charity, not simply exploiting the poor but exploiting them in the name of justice. . . ."

Rev. George H. Dunne, S.J.
in The Commonweal
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find it. He finds, instead, secret fear (of what the lost leader would think of them *now*), impotence and frustration. When he goes through the ritualistic *pas de deux* of a group romance with beautiful Maya, he discovers that she is using love in a frantic search for independence for herself. In the end, he goes to Germany.

Miss Cicellis seems to be saying that there is happiness neither in retreat from nor in advance upon life, and no laughter anywhere. It may be that through overusage the "tragedy" of persons arrested in the adolescent phase has ceased to seem meaningful. The melancholy facts are that such material is gluey and, no matter how lovingly transcribed from life, artificial, and that whatever emotions it arouses resemble the discomforts of indigestion. Mr. Anthony West of the *New Yorker* put the objection more gracefully when he wrote, of Mr. Ralph Ellison, *"The Invisible Man* made its point with the same sort of broad farce effects that Dostoievsky used time and again, and that any novelist who aspires to be serious must use to give a rounded picture of the business of being a man," and mentioned with feeling great writers, who are necessarily "rich in comic invention."

Of comic invention Miss Cicellis has none, and the lopsided resultant chronicle of anguish might have been lifted bodily from the diary of any literate and imaginative teenage tragedienne. One is strongly and sadistically moved to toss her whole company of feverish youngsters across that rub down table, and call for the services of the muscular psychologist of the locker room.

Some Diversions

SATAN IN THE SUBURBS. By Bertrand Russell. Simon and Schuster. $3.

By ROBERT H. BOYLE

BERTRAND Russell's first collection of fiction (and an odd collection it is) takes its name from the lead piece in the book. The stories, written in an expectant and leisurely style much like Robert Louis Stevenson's, lack the tension and "willing suspension of disbelief" which mark Stevenson's work with a convincing touch of the grotesque. Lord Russell at best echoes some of Stevenson's weaker refrains, and one suspects it's because Russell has too much spoof in his heart to take writing seriously.

The title piece—in its limited way—probably is the best of the five stories included, but two of them in particular, "The Infra-Redioscope" and "Benefit of Clergy," clearly illustrate Russell's puck-like qualities and defects to best advantage.

"Benefit of Clergy" is a melange of the highly improbable, the satirical, and the whimsical. A rebellious vicar's daughter advertises for a husband upon the sole condition he must not be a clergyman. She falls in love with the man whose reply she selects (as does he with her, naturally, in this sort of story), and he agrees to pose as a curate to hoax her father into approving the marriage. This impersonation the lover performs with the greatest success. However, no sooner is the honeymoon over than the wife leaves her husband because she has discovered he really is a curate after all. (Surprise.) But all ends well when they meet again three years later in a London railway station. She has become a fashionable designer, and he has renounced holy orders to become a renowned inventor. They embrace, and according to Russell, they "lived happily ever after."

"The Infra-Redioscope" may best be described as a rather loose union of Andersen's tale, "The Emperor's New Clothes," and a fairly thin (purposely ambiguous) allegory of the present troubles between East and West. Add a short dash of love and a bit of a tricky ending, and there you have it.

The reader seeking something "new" in these stories will be at a loss to find it. On the contrary, all the old duffers raked over from Shaw to Waugh are present: stuffy divines, Oxbridge professors, scheming newspaper owners, society photographers, and all the rest of the characters who appear to derive their income from inhabiting such books from year to year. Indeed the stories are so charmingly pointless one has no doubt they will see their shining hour as Alec Guinness vehicles slicked up for art theater inmates.

Guide to Action

PRINCIPLES AND PARADOXES OF THE MILITANT LIFE. By Stephane Joseph Piat. Translated by James Meyer. Franciscan Herald Press. $2.75.

By ROBERT HOVDA

FATHER Piat's book is not an explanation of Catholic Action or of any of the other forms which the apostolic activity of the Christian "militant" may take. It is, as he says, a book of general rules and questions for those laymen who have felt the stirring of the Spirit, who have in this twentieth century awakening become conscious of the full mission of the Christian. It aspires

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to arouse the latent zeal of the uncommitted as well as to counsel those already engaged.

So he accepts impartially Catholic Action, Christian social action (labor union and cooperative work, the reform of institutions), and political action. Instead of a set of blue-prints, he offers suggestions for the militant's spirituality, his program of life, his attitudes. "The Church will make a discreet use of the temporal," he says, as he defends the autonomy of lay institutions and distinguishes between the clergy's basic work of spiritual formation and its sometimes assumed work of managing all enterprises. The failure of liberal capitalism, the dangers of a parochial mentality, the apostle's reverence for man's liberty and the purity of means such reverence requires—these ideas among perhaps too many others find expression in ferverino-like paragraphs.

Apart from the translation, which is extremely rough going for one who imagines that the English language has some possibilities, the book's greatest weakness is the section on "The Militant's Spirituality." What is prescribed is a private asceticism, in which the Mystical Body and the Liturgy are reduced to the status of aids and boosters. A revival as impressive as the one which inspired this deserves (and actually has) a less irrelevant basis.

More in Sadness

THE CITY OF ANGER. By William Manchester. Ballantine. Cloth, $3.; Paper, .50.

By CAROL H. WEISS

WHEN I saw the cover of *The City of Anger,* I thought I knew what it was going to be: a tough and racy tale about the struggle between the numbers racket gangsters and the police. There was the racket boss with a fist full of cash, obviously buying himself an interest in the police force; there was—naturally—a girl; for the "serious" angle there was a Negro and something about interracial tensions; and inevitably the determined police chief. I got the impression that this was the kind of assembly-line cops and robbers paperbound book (I haven't seen the bound edition) that you would pick up at a newsstand only when faced with an empty railroad station and a two-hour wait till the next train.

I apologize. The fellow who advised against judging a book by its cover wasn't just being metaphorical; he knew his blurb writers and cover designers. *The City of Anger* is actually a fine novel, written with extraordinary warmth and compassion. Those faces on the cover aren't stock characters at all. Each one of them is a fully realized individual, and I suspect that they're going to be hard to forget.

Not that the publishers made up the stuff about "gangsters and bums," "corruption and murder." The story *is* about police attempts to break the numbers racket. A group of influential citizens, each for his own ends, has decided to get Ben Erik, the numbers king and political boss of the waterfront slum district. The police systematically raid the policy drops, but Erik, a veteran of prohibition, is tipped off about the raids. By the time the police squads arrive, money, slips, and writers have vanished. The police drive is stalled. In desperation Jarvis Cameron, a racetrack owner, gets the idea of ruining policy by fixing the number for a certain date. If the winning number is widely publicized and the public plays it heavily, Erik will be unable to pay off. The suckers will be disillusioned and the numbers game will be through.

The story is well-constructed and vivid with authentic detail. It generates enough action and suspense to rival any of its neighbors on the drugstore book rack. But the plot is only the skeleton of the novel. William Manchester is concerned with the people who are swept along in the grim events. The racket is no abstract evil. It is Charlie Bond, a policy writer, struggling to raise some extra cash to save his block and his home from being engulfed by the advancing Negro slums. It is Sam, a Negro garbage collector, for whom the dream of picking the winning number is almost a religion and the only release from his twisted emotions. Even the big boss, Ben Erik, is just a skinny, aging man with worries about his health and his rusting organization.

Mr. Manchester is a thirty-year-old journalist. His first book was *Disturber of the Peace,* a biography of H. L. Mencken. It was Mencken who brought him to Baltimore, which is evidently the prototype for his fictional city of valley suburb and bayside slum. A city of anger, he calls it, but Mr. Manchester is not angry. He writes of the stinking saloons, the beatings, the degenerates and the corrupters, the self-serving politicians, the whole crawling underside of urban life, but he sees it with unwavering sympathy. Sympathy and sadness that there are so many empty little people for whom money or drink or gambling is all there is.

Toward Dignity

THE CHAIN IN THE HEART. By Hubert Creekmore. Random House. $3.75.

By MARJORIE CROWE HUGHES

THIS is the story of a Southern Negro family, the Murchisons. It follows their evolution from the helpless resignation of the first generation, born slaves and "freed" by the Civil War, through the bewilderment and inarticulate rebellion of the second generation to the spiritually emancipated third, free from ignorance, fear and hatred, understanding freedom and beginning to hope. It is social history with all the qualities of a pageant, richness, color, drama and over-simplification.

The material is familiar and typical. It is saved from being tiresome by excellent characterizations, skillful selection of detail and the vivid, even visual quality of the writing.

Behind the lines of the numerous Murchisons and the many people with whom they come in contact one is aware of the life and structure of their town and behind that emerges the pattern of Southern society, shaping them and being to

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EDITORIAL ASSISTANT WANTED

★ Wanted, an assistant editor, fluent in Spanish or German, by a Chicago publisher. Seminary background would be helpful. Box 101, The Commonweal.

some extent shaped by them. The background impression is frequently stranger than the day-to-day events in the life of the family. When the third generation moves North the frustrating pressure of society is portrayed no less powerfully though briefly. Environment is important in this book, but because of the author's skill and perspective it is not distracting. Only after closing the book does one realize how very broad the canvas was.

It is rather an exasperating book —the sort that is so well done that one wishes it were better. The development of character through the ordinary events of life, the analysis of intricate personal and family relationships, are engrossing and believable. The approach is sensitive, imaginative and restrained. But wherever situation predominates, as in the encounter of black and white, in the explosions against the stifling environment, in the scenes of violence, the same excellent qualities somehow conspire to rob the story of impact. Situation and character do not coalesce. Hitherto believable characters turn into types and a theatrical simplicity surprises and disappoints the reader. One is witness to disaster without feeling it; like reading about the polio epidemic as compared to seeing the child next door stricken.

In spite of this failure of emotional power the book does sustain interest and stimulate reflection. It should provide valuable and lively background material for those engaged in social studies.

REVIEWERS

Father William C. Bier, S.J., is Assistant Professor of Psychology at Fordham University and Executive Secretary of the American Catholic Psychological Association.

Jean Holzhauer is a regular contributor to The Commonweal.

Robert H. Boyle is an American journalist, recently returned from Spain.

Father Robert Hovda is a priest of the diocese of Fargo, North Dakota.

Carol H. Weiss reviews frequently for this magazine.

Marjorie Crowe Hughes has for some years been associated with the Catholic Worker movement.

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There goes the happy moron;
He doesn't give a damn.
I wish I were a moron—
My God! Perhaps I am.

HOW MANY MORONS DO WE REALLY NEED?

Niall Brennan, (perhaps inspired by the poem on the left) set himself to find out whether, as he suspected, morons are one of the byproducts of modern industry. By way of field research, he took a series of jobs in which no thought was required and noted what effect they were having on other employees, and what they did to his own mind. He quit each job with his wits intact —very much so. But by the end of the book he has painted an alarming picture of the lengths to which we are going to produce more and bigger fools than our un-progressive ancestors would have known what to do with. Whether it is really necessary to go on wasting men's minds in this way does seem to be a question well worth asking. His book is called **THE MAKING OF A MORON** ($2.50) and it is just ready.

One way of not turning into a moron, but, on the contrary, of keeping your wits well polished, is to join a religious order. **Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P.** did so 18 years ago, and is far from wanting to leap over the wall. In fact, she is full of amused sympathy for everyone outside, especially women, poor things, who, having no veils, are obliged to wear such curious things on their heads. We have just published her book, **SHEPHERD'S TARTAN** ($2.50), a good humored blow-by-blow account of what it's like being a nun; we begin to see why they always look so extraordinarily cheerful. It's the first such book, we do believe, to be written from ***inside*** a convent. Sister Mary Jean does for her fellow Sisters rather the same kind of service that Lucile Hasley did for converts in ***Reproachfully Yours.***

We can't possibly reprint all the out-of-print books we are asked for—not all at once, anyway—but we are gradually getting the most asked for back into print. Two are coming this season: **Romano Guardini's THE CHURCH AND THE CATHOLIC** and **THE SPIRIT OF THE LITURGY** ($2.50—both in one volume), which will be ready on the 26th of this month, and **Msgr. Knox's THE BELIEF OF CATHOLICS** ($2.75) which is coming on September 16th.

Order Books from a Bookstore

There will be a new **TRUMPET** coming along shortly. If you have moved since the last one came out in May, please let us know. Also, of course, if you think of anyone else who would like to get it (it comes free and postpaid as always) just send a card to **Lucy MacGill.**

SHEED & WARD **NEW YORK 3**

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